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WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause, when at my door
A trembling brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.
'Tis not to scorn the brother's prayer,
For faults he once had known;
'Tis not to leave him to despair,
And say 'that I have none.
The voice of Charity is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.
In penance she placeth faith,
Hence smileth at the door,
Relieveth first, then softly saith,
Go, brother—sin no more.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a sweet voice to Mrs. Audley, as she stepped from her carriage, and was about entering one of the most fashionable mansions in the most populous of our southern cities. Mrs. Audley stopped, and regarded with an eye of wonder, a child of surpassing beauty, who held forth a bunch of moss roses. She was struck with surprise to see one so fragile and delicate, thus engaged in selling in the public street.

"Do you sell your roses in order to support yourself, little girl?" she asked in a tone of kindness.

"No, ma'am; she replied, dropping a courtesy, "but my mother is sick, and I walked from the cross roads to sell all the roses that was on my own bush; will you buy them, lady?" and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Audley was much interested by the innocence and artless simplicity of the child, and after a few more inquiries, determined to go herself and see the sick woman, who the child said was a stranger in B—. She was one whose purse was always open to the calls of charity, and taking the little girl into the carriage, she ordered her coachman to drive to the cross roads, about two miles from the city. They stopped at a low humble looking house, and the lady entering, saw extended upon the bed, and apparently dying, a female upon whose countenance, wasted as it was, there yet lingered the remains of great beauty. Mrs. Audley spoke to her in tones of compassion, but she only lifted to her the glazed and closing eye. It was evident she was fast sinking to her rest. A decent looking woman came forward, and from her the lady learned that the stranger's name was Lorton, and that she had come there sick, and as she was poor, she had boarded her and her child, and until the last three weeks, had regularly received her pay; and as she wanted some comforts, she had given Luez the child leave to sell roses. "Mrs. Lorton, I guess, has seen better days," said the woman, in conclusion, "but what I shall do with the child when she is gone, I don't know, though she is so good and sweet tempered."

Mrs. Audley sent her servant to procure the necessary comforts for the night, and leaving some money with the woman, returned home with the promise of visiting them the next day.

The windows of Mrs. Audley's mansion opened upon a piazza, and she sat alone musing on the past.

Time had been, when the voice of childhood sent its thrill through the mother's heart, and the sound of mirth and gladness resounded through her now silent dwelling; but one by one, the bright and beautiful beings who clustered around her hearth and board, had gone down in their innocence to the tomb; one only remained, a son in a distant land. The lady sat in sadness. Her husband entered, and seeing the melancholy that rested on her brow, began relating something amusing that had occurred during the day. She still appeared abstracted, and upon his tenderly inquiring the cause, she related to him the incidents of the morning. "That child reminds me of my departed ones," said she, and a tear fell upon the hand her husband held. "Robert, I know that you seldom deny a request of mine; but still it is an important one I am about making. This poor child, in all her beauty and sweetness, seems as if sent to supply the places of the dead; why may I not adopt her as my own?—Our home will not appear so lonely."

Mr. Audley gladly consented to anything that could cheer the solitude of his wife, or wipe from her the melancholy that was undermining her health; and they concerted together to take the little Luez, as soon as Mrs. Lorton was dead.

The next day, when Mrs. Audley arrived at the cottage, she found that Mrs. Lorton had died in the night, without giving any sign of consciousness, or discovering who she was. There was a miniature of her, taken when young, and

set with pearls very rich, in her trunk, the only vestige of better days. And after the last sad duties were performed, the little Luez returned with her protectress to her new home. Many an hour did her endearing affection render happy, which would otherwise have been filled with sorrowful remembrances, and Mrs. Audley, in watching each day some new charm of mind or passion unfold to view, was doubly repaid for her charity to the orphan.

The child possessed great sweetness of temper, united to great powers of mind, and the best masters were procured for her by her kind friends. In music she particularly excelled, and the sound of her sweet voice, pouring out some gay or sad strain, soothed and cheered their hearts, and made life almost seem again bright to them. She was very dear to them both, and few could see the interesting orphan, without loving her. Her life was one of sunshine, though some times the thought of her mother would cause a shade to steal over her sunny face, and cloud her brow. Luez Lorton was fifteen, and had been passing the evening with some young friend. When she returned in the evening, she threw herself into Mrs. Audley's arms and wept bitterly. The memories of her childhood had become dim, and she had always called, and of late years deemed that lady to be her parent.

"My child, my Luez! said she, what means these tears? What has caused your sorrow, my bright one?"

"Oh! I am not your child," exclaimed the sobbing girl; "to night in the dance, Miss Laurence refused to notice me, because she said I was not so good as herself, for I lived on charity."

A fresh burst of tears followed this explanation.

Mrs. Audley was much shocked, but she gently and kindly related to Luez all the circumstances of her mother's illness, and her own adoption of her into her family. She told her that birth and fortune would weigh little with the wise and good, in comparison with the purity and goodness of her child, and in conclusion added, "My Luez, in the world's paths, you will have to hear much that is unpleasant; but I have taught you to look upon for support and guidance; and think, my love, of Him, who on earth was so despised of men, and learn a lesson of submission. Go on steadily in the path of duty, and convert every trial into respect and love. Bear every trial with patience, and when wounded by the shaft of ill nature, remember, that to the shelter of the parent wing you can fly for safety and comfort."

Three years had gone by, and the name of Luez Audley was the theme of many a tongue; very loving and winning was she, as she moved in her beauty through the wreathing dance, and her adopted parents gazed upon her with a look of pride; but dearer, far dearer to their hearts, was she in the quiet of their home. There was yet some chords of life's harp unbroken, and her smile was the gleam of brightness in their dwelling. And as she cheered their loneliness, and knelt morning and evening for their blessing, they felt the winning tie grow still stronger.

"A party at Rose Laurence's!—How delightful," exclaimed Catharine Morris, as she was walking one evening with Luez.

"I do not visit Miss Laurence," replied Luez, and a slight flush passed over her face.

"Well, that is strange, I thought you used to know her once."

"So I did; but I have not visited her for nearly three years. They say her brother has returned. Have you seen him, Kate?"

"No, but I hear wonders of him. I have taken a strange fancy into my head, that destiny will weave a spell to give both your lives a different shadowing. Fate plays strange tricks sometimes. So bind up your bonny brown hair, and don your best attire; try to win this doughty knight, I really believe I should cry for joy to see him leading you a gay measure, if it were only to vex his proud sister. For you, who I deem the very acme of goodness and perfection, I should think even Ernest Laurence might, with all his intellectual gifts, wear the chains of matrimony gracefully."

Luez interrupted her. "Catharine, wild as are your day dreams, you are capable of feeling deeply. The blush of shame never shall stain the cheek of any one, however I may sacrifice my own peace, to know that the object of his affection was once an obscure flower girl! even now subsisting upon charity. Not I must wander forth through life's paths with a sense of loneliness ever pressing upon my heart, without one kindred tie to bind me to earth. And yet I am not ungrateful; for there are some who love me well." Then wiping away the tear that dimmed her eye, she added more gaily; "But, Kate, you can, try your own sweet powers, and I will surely lead one gay measure at your bridal. I must run home now. So good bye."

To rich and beauty, Rose Laurence moved with stately step, through the brilliantly lighted apartments of her father's

luxurious mansion. But yet there was something of pride in the curl of her lip; of scorn in the glance of her black eye. Many a one was drawn within the magic circle she collected around her; but two stood apart—two whose bearing seemed to say, that their place would have been by the side of one so beautiful. Ernest Laurence, and his friend Audley, were talking over all the scenes of earlier days, and heeded not when those silvery accents fell soft upon the ear.

"But Audley, I hoped to see your mother here to night. I was always good friends with her, though I so often led you into hair-breadth escapes; why did she not come?"

The brow of Constant Audley slightly contracted as he answered, "She visits but seldom; but you know she will give you a warm welcome to the little breakfast room, where she sees all who are dear to her without ceremony."

"I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege; but Rose is motioning us to come to her. Does she not look beautiful to-night, my queen like sister? Come, Constant, you, my friend, must wear her colors."

Luez Audley was bending over a drawing that she was copying for Mrs. Morris, when the door of the small breakfast room, in which she was seated, suddenly opened. Luez raised her head, Mrs. Audley approached, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced as Ernest Laurence, one of Constant's dearest friends. "My Luez," said she, as she stood evidently struck with the beauty of the blushing girl, "will you not receive him as such?"

Luez remembered the words of her friend, and her salutation was tinged with more coldness than was usual to her. He was one who had carried the charm of childhood into his mature years; and foreign travel, temptations, and new associations, had not destroyed it; and he now, with his own open winning manner, sat down by Mrs. Audley, and recalled the scenes of his boyhood, with all the freshness of early affection. Constant now came in, and Luez gathering up her drawing materials, retired from the room.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" asked Ernest, of his friend, as soon as she left the room. "Such a vision of loveliness I have seldom met with."

"She is my adopted sister, and I claim for her the respect due, as it she was bound to us by the kindest tie. Luez is no common character, and some day I will give you her story."

It was Mrs. Audley's birth day, and the first for many years that Constant had passed at home. Since the death of her children, she had never opened her doors to the gay world, but now she felt that for his sake, she would sacrifice every selfish feeling, and celebrate it. Luez was too beautiful, she said, to remain buried in obscurity, and there were many who would gladly hail the return of her son to his own home.

Luez sat alone in her room; a rich dress was spread out on the bed, and many an ornament and jewel lay upon her dressing table, and yet she heeded not the passing hours. Her head was bent down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

"Luez! sweet Luez! why this cloud upon your brow to night? Tell me, dear, when mirth and revelry reign triumphant, why this fearful eye? Is this burning cheek? Come, my sweet friend, don your festal robe, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair."

"Oh, Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will through these halls to-night. I wish mamma would excuse my appearing;—and again she rested her head upon her hand."

"He heard the gay din from the castle hall, but was not in mood for the festival," exclaimed Catharine, in a lively tone: "A trace to those sombre fancies!" and half by caresses, she roused Luez from her despondency. There, sweet one, she exclaimed, as she assisted at her toilet, "do not play ure-woman to perfection! The tout ensemble is exquisite, only this pale cheek shames that white wreath. Come."

Never had Luez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the need of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side, when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from herself, that the protégée of Mrs. Audley was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes, Ernest loved, not with the love of man, that is as the mother's gleam, but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the inmost recesses of the devoted heart; but she

"Coldly passed him by."

"Do you never dance, Miss Audley?" asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

"To be sure she does," replied Constant. And meeting her glance; "Nay,

my dear Luez, that frown becomes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join you gay circle."

Luez could not without infringing every rule of etiquette, refuse, and an exposure of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly; therefore she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Laurence, (who as a child of one that was dear to Mrs. Audley, had been invited to the fête,) upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow, upon which intellect had set its signet; and a slight in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within—now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favor, and

"His voice had that low and lute like sound whose echo within the heart is found."

"Is not Luez Audley lovely?" asked Kate Morris as she and Rose were standing together. "Methinks my friend Ernest owns the 'ayen's spell.' Kate spoke playfully, but not without a little maliciousness. She was delighted to mortify her proud companion."

"Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, and dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to you low born girl. You think of a bonny bride, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will mar it." And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catharine stood as if spell bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. "Oh! she cannot hate Luez," was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

"And who does hate one so good and faultless?" asked Mrs. Audley, who overheard her. Catharine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

"God shield her," cried Mrs. Audley, "from the shaft of wo. 'Tis a bitter heart Miss Laurence bears. She may be humbled."

The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room, and gazing out upon it with an eye of abstraction, was Luez Audley. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he won from her the confession, that the love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, forever.

"I will shame no man," said she proudly, "and, Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land; and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wayward." And Ernest went from her presence to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

Months rolled on, and Luez's voice was silent in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon the white brow, and the rose tint on her cheek had long faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

It was midnight, and alone in her chamber, sat Rose Laurence. The moon light was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern climate stole gently in. A step startled her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely muffled, stood before her. Rose started back, in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwelcome hour. Catharine was pale as death. An exclamation of alarm, burst involuntarily from her companion. "Nay, Rose Laurence, heed me not. My cheek may be pale; but the cheek of one more gentle and good is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast, one sweet flower, crushed to the earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to your chamber," pointing to a window in Mrs. Audley's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed. "Come and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely."

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catharine, who had caught up a shawl and thrown over her, and awed in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs. Audley's grounds, and through that side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded smothered sobs.

Rose Laurence shrunk back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence, and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms.

Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe her, was Luez Audley. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, once so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs. Audley, worn out with watching, slumbers on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Luez caught a view of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl; then she sung snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly.

"It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady? love one, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it." Then clasping her pale hands, she would entreat Rose not to tear him from her, and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door opened, and another was added to the group around that bed. Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered, "sit not, her life is at stake." Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

The sobs of Luez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear, can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catharine, upon whose bosom Luez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Luez woke from that slumber. The physician held a cordial to her lips, and again she closed her eyes, but a smile was on her face. He felt her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, and softly, "she will live!" And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fulness of their hearts in prayer.

Soft was the song of the sun mer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that shaded Luez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow on which her head rested, and he bent over her couch with a look of anxious love. There was gathered around her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid. She smiled as Ernest held up his watch, and whispered fondly, "you must talk no longer, dearest; here comes Rose."

And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips, and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes! Rose Laurence, on her bended knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, when he had chosen as his bride, the once poor FLOWER GIRL, Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing love and devotion of the noble heart of Constant Audley, to whom she had been many years wedded.

IMPROVEMENT OF OUR SEACOAST.

We have before us a report transmitted to Congress in May last, by James Kearney, the Engineer charged with making a survey, with a view to determine the practicability of opening an inland communication for steam navigation, from the Chesapeake Bay to Charleston. The object of the work is to provide a passage for the accommodation of the coasting trade of the Union in peace, and its protection during war. The Engineer reports, that the practicability and importance of the work are unquestionable. Although the surveys are unfinished, the report presents in strong terms the advantages to be derived from the accomplishment of the work. The Engineer says—

"The coast between Beaufort, North Carolina, and the Chesapeake Bay, for a length of two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty miles, is nearly, and in a few years, will be quite destitute of vessels capable of admitting even the smaller class of coasters. The closing of those which formerly existed, (and there have been at least as many as ten of them) has been steadily progressive. In my opinion, (and it has been long and deliberately formed, and frequently expressed,) the maintenance of a direct navigable communication between either Atlantic or Pacific sounds and the ocean is impracticable. I purpose, in my final report to attempt the demonstration of this proposition; and I think I will be able to show that Ocracoke, the only inlet now capable of admitting the passage of coasters, will probably also close in a few years. This inlet, which formerly had thirteen feet at low water upon its bar, was, last

summer, reduced to a depth of 65 feet at ordinary high tides, notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to resist the encroachment of the sand upon it. By the storms of August, September and October last, these efforts were paralyzed, and the hope of improving the inlet was abandoned."

The Report recommends a connection of the trade of the Sounds with Beaufort Harbor, asserting that—

"Beaufort, since the settlement of the country, has never had less than 25 or 16 feet on the bar of its inlet at high tides. It has now, perhaps, 23 feet at high tides. Certainly it has nearly that depth, and there are few bays to the southward of it with more at low water it has 18 feet. A navigable communication for coasting vessels would, therefore, open for the trade of a large part of North Carolina, at least, one of the best, and taking the depth of water at low tides, the safety of the coast near it, perhaps the best Atlantic harbor south of the Chesapeake Bay."

The Report also recommends that a Canal be cut, uniting the waters of the Neuse and Cape Fear Rivers, which would suffice to open an inland communication for steamboats from the Dismal Swamp Canal to Wilmington, and to the Ocean. The line of Canal is estimated at 56 1/2 miles in length.

We anxiously look forward to the day when these works may be accomplished. It has always been a source of grief and mortification to our citizens, that our seacoast possessed such limited advantages for commercial business. The produce of North Carolina has heretofore found its way to the sea-ports of the neighboring states, to the great detriment and loss of our people. This scheme of improvement, if accomplished, would operate for the better. Concentrating as it will the whole trade of the Eastern shore, and leading it to the ports of Wilmington or Beaufort, a great disadvantage will be overcome, and the commercial interest of the state be greatly benefited. And if the efforts of our citizens to establish a Rail Road line from East to West, should be consummated, and the trade productions and mineral wealth of Western Carolina find an easy access to the ocean, our state will assume a new position, a greater energy will be lent to the industry of our people, and the tide of emigration, now draining off their resources, will find a lasting check.

Register.

The Blockade of Mexico by France.

As to the legality of this blockade, the New York American says, we do not think there can be much question. Not much question! We should be really indebted to the American if it will point out to us, one single period in history, when such a blockade has been even attempted, we will not say submitted to—when one power has thought proper to interdict all nations from holding intercourse with another power, with whom all are at peace. We assert, it is totally without precedent, and has no warrant in international law of any kind.

Suppose England, in the frequent difficulties which occur between the East India Company's officers at Canton and the Chinese, should think proper in order to bring the latter to terms, to prohibit all vessels from trading to Canton; would, or rather ought, the United States to submit to such an interdict? What should we have to do with the squabbles between the English and the Chinese, in order to bring the former to their terms, to be permitted to deprive us of a lucrative branch of trade? If they choose to declare war against the Chinese, and to run all its chances—if they keep up such a force at Macao, on the river, that Canton cannot be approached by vessels without imminent danger, then according to the English system, such a blockade would be valid; but to remain at peace with a nation and blockade all her ports, seize and declare good prizes all neutral vessels that attempt to trade with her, is the most glaring assault on the rights of neutrals that has ever been attempted. England may look upon such an attempt with complacency, for with her large maritime force, the time may come when blockades of the kind will be very convenient to her, and surely the United States will then have no right to complain if they see little in question in the legality of the blockade of Mexico by France.

New York Courier.

The London Blockade.

Extract from the London Times of the 23d June last:—In the House of Lords, last night, Lord Ashburton presented a petition from merchants of Liverpool, complaining of the detriment which British commerce sustained in consequence of the blockade of the ports of Mexico and Buenos Ayres by the French, and calling on the Government for its active interference to protect British rights. Lord Melbourne said he could assure the noble lord, that the subject had not escaped the attention of Her Majesty's Government. He considered it a matter of great importance, and one that deserved the utmost consideration.

A man that outlives his reputation soon becomes miserable.

We take pleasure in enriching our columns with the following beautiful picture of New England. Agricultural life, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney. Every one who has been in the Valley of the Connecticut, must recognize the truth and fidelity of the sketch. Much as we love every thing that is part and parcel of the old Dominion, we are compelled to admit, that in enterprise, industry, thrifty economy, in practical, moral and intellectual cultivation, our eastern friends offer us an example which it would be well for us to imitate.

Petersburg Intelligencer.

From Mrs. Sigourney's Letters.

NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRY.

I have seen no class of people, among whom a more efficient system of industry and economy of time was established, than the agricultural population of New England. Their possessions are not sufficiently large to allow waste of any description. Hence every article seems to be carefully estimated, and applied to its best use. Their mode of life is as favorable to cheerfulness and health, as it is eminent in industry.

The farmer, rising with the dawn, attends to those employments which are necessary for the family, and proceeds early with his sons or assistants, to their department of daily labor. The birds enliven them with their song, and lambs gambol, while the patient ox marks the deep furrow, or the grain is committed to the earth, or the tall grass humbled beneath the scythe, or the sweet corn freed from the intrusion of weeds. Pitting tasks are proportioned to the younger ones, that no hand may be idle.

In the interior of the house, an equal diligence prevails. The elder daughters take willing part with the mother, in every domestic toil. The children who are too small to be useful, proceed to school, kindly leading a little one who can scarcely walk. Perhaps the aged grand mother, a welcome and honored inmate, amuses the ruddy infant, that she may release a stronger hand for toil. The sound of the wheel, and the vigorous strokes of the loom, are heard. The fleeces of the sheep are wrought up, amid the cheerful song of sisters. Remembering that the fabrics which they produce, will guard the weak whom they love from the blasts of winter, the bloom deepens on their cheek with the pleasing consciousness of useful industry.

In the simple and abundant supply of a table, from their own resources, which shall refresh those who return weary from the field, all are interested.

The boy who brings his mother the fresh vegetables, selects a salad which his own hand cultivated, with some portion of the pride with which Dioclesian pointed to the cabbages which he had treasured. The daughter, who gathers the strawberries from the nests of the poultry that she feeds, delights to tell their history, and to number her young ducks as they swim forth boldly on the pond. The bees, whose hives range near the door, add a desert to their repast, and the cows feeding quietly on rich pastures, yield pure nutriment for the little ones. For their bread they have "sown, and reaped, and gathered into barns;" the flesh is from their own flocks—the fruit and nuts from their own trees. The children know when the first berries ripen, and when the chestnut will be in its thorny sheath in the forest. The happy farmer at his independent table, need not envy the luxury of kings.

The active matron strives to lessen the expenses of her husband and to increase his gains. She sends to market the surplus of her dairy, and the surplus produce of her loom. She instructs her daughters by their diligence to have a purse of their own from which to furnish the more delicate parts of their wardrobe, and to relieve the poor. In the long evenings of winter, she plies the needle, or knits stockings with them, or mends the quiet music of the "box-wheel," from whence linen is prepared for the family. She invites them never to eat the bread of idleness, and as they have been trained, so will they rain others again for the seeds of industry are perennial.

The father and brothers, having leisure from their toils of busier seasons, read aloud such books as are procured from the public library, and knowledge thus entering in with industry, and domestic order, form a hallowed alliance. The most sheltered corner by the ample fire-side, is reserved for the honey grand-parents, who in plenty and pious content pass the ease of a well spent life.

The sacred hymn and prayer, rising gaily from such households, is acceptable to Heaven. To their humble illustrations, some of our wisest and most illustrious men, rulers of the people, sages and interpreters of the law of God, look back tenderly, as their life place. They love to acknowledge that in the industry and discipline of early years, was laid the foundation of their greatness.

THE RING TAIL PANTHER.

The legislature of Missouri, like many other parliamentary bodies, was once annoyed with a member of singular habits and eccentric character. He was a red woodsman, and having his nativity east on the frontier, he moved forward, keeping pace with the pioneers; and it was no grief to him to be a few leagues in advance of the schoolmaster. The alphabet came overtook him, but no sooner was the Roman character imprinted on his memory than he fled from pedagogue restraints, exulting himself happy in thus briefly becoming a man of letters. This limited education was useful to him

in the people, for he acquired the art of putting as many letters together as would pass, in a crowd, for his name. Like most great men of the Roman Republics, he acquired a pronomen, and he chose one indicative of his location and pursuits. Ring Tail Panther was the name to which he answered with equal pride and pleasure. This illustrious pioneer has already had a place assigned him in the annals of the west; but too much is rarely written of any man, whose genius elevates him above the common mass of beings by whom he is surrounded.

At what particular period Ring Tail Panther migrated to Missouri, it is not known. His earliest achievement, and that which placed him in the line of preference, was the butchery of a small party of unoffending Indians. His official report of the battle was as laconic as Caesar's: "veni, vidi, vici," and in these words: "I ketch'd, I killed, I scalped." His habitation, where domestic kindness and hospitality were cherished, was a block house, rudely constructed by his own handiwork. Like his namesake, the quadruped Panther, he was carnivorous, and fed generally on venison. His drink was blue-ruin and still-burnt green. To the influence of these stimulants and the lack of education, all the evils of a mispent life are justly attributable, for he was naturally kind and benevolent.

When Missouri passed from a Territorial to a state Government, the people among whom Ring Tail Panther resided, made him a representative in the General Assembly, to assist in enacting for them a code of laws. Tradition will not suffice to clear in its details, half a century hence, to determine from what written models he deduced his legislative knowledge; but some crude notions of the twelve tables led him to believe it just, that "an eye for an eye" should be exacted, and he lived up to the maxim, literally, in his practice, for he boasted having directed in several combats of an organ of vision, and he likewise bit off one finger, two ears and a Roman nose, to the course of his simple combats.

As it may be readily supposed, certain passages in his labors as legislator were not as easily surmised, as spoken of. Ring Tail Panther was, however, discreet enough to attach himself to a member of good acquirements, who cheerfully wrote his bills and resolutions whenever he came forward as a pioneer in law-making. At an early stage of the General Assembly this member arose, and when the speaker had remarked:

"The gentleman from Fishing River," Ring Tail Panther proceeded to say—

"Mr. Speaker, there are a heap of difference among men; some are born rich, some get rich by cheating, and some are just naturally poor all the days of their lives. This is as unjust, sir, as beating up a doe to make an orphan of her poor little fawns in the spots. A right rascal rich man would feel a heap easier with less money. But such is the cantankerous character of one of these ding'd old aristocracies, that the more he piles up, the more he hones arter money. Mr. Speaker, a rich man is like a panther, and I know something about the varmint. When he gets in the hog range where the sweet mast ar good, he will kill half a dozen shotes in a night, when one pig would do him for supper and breakfast. They are uncommon greedy, if they ar' at I wish I may be shot with a big bore rifle gun. They are as destructive on poor people as a gang of wild-coats that breaks into a corn field in roosting-ear time. They crack all before them like a horse loose in a cane break. A poor man stands no more chance in a scuffle with a right rascal rich man, than a short tailed horse in fly time, or an inexperienced dog in a bear hunt. Now Mr. Speaker, there ar a heap more poor men than rich ones, and in this we have smartly the majority. Do you think, sir, a gang of wolves, when they corner an old buck, won't pull him down? they will do that thing I reckon! When a right sort of a hunter sees a fat old bear, he will do his home work, no mistake! we have the rich men cornered now, in a sorta quandary like—and I more, Mr. Speaker, that we row them up Salt River. I am for taking the divide and keepin it. It ar a fact, and I know it, that we can't just take money from one man, and give it to another, that would be onpopulous and outlawed; but we can take 'em slantenderly, and the way we can exonerate 'em would be pretty expeditious. I move, Mr. Speaker, that we enact a loan office law, authorize the State to issue paper, and the way the boys will borrow it will be slick and greasy!—They will never pay it back no how you can fix it. When the State wants money agin, lay on the taxes about as thick as daubing a new cabin afore christmas, and the rich are the yaller flowers of these prairies that will fork it up."

The orator sat down, happy in having uttered his maiden speech. He was, however, informed by the speaker, that he must reduce his resolution to writing. Ring Tail Panther rose again, looked wildly around the house, and inquired— "Where in the name of fork lightning Duff Green took himself to?" He was told he had gone to his lodgings, a little indisposed. "There, now, is it?" said he. "Mr. Speaker, Duff is sloped and we must expose the question till to-morrow; and if Duff don't stand up to the rack a little better I'll bet him, there's no mistake. If he slopes off in this way agin when I want him, his hide won't hold chucks in two minutes arter, and I won't vote with him to copperate his Maccabey."

There was, at some time of this session, a proposition before the house to

enter into a state system of internal improvement. The Panther opposed it, as he did uniformly every thing which came from an educated member, excepting always the measures proposed by his friend from Booneville. When the question came up for discussion, the gentleman from Fishing River delivered his sentiments to the following effect:

"Mr. Speaker, I am agin all sorts of new-fangled machines, every way you can fix it. These ere snorting things they call steam boats are talked about a heap, and my 'oman sprained her ankle running to see the first creater of the sort that came sneaking up our river. The fish never bit a hook arter that, and the game is all skared out of the river bottom. Gentlemen talk about a rail rode and eternal improvements."

"Some gentlemen, high larned chaps, think they are a heap smarter nor a steel trap; but I ren tell 'em I weren't rocked in a gum to be skeard at schoolmaster larning. When do you think, Mr. Speaker, they'll see a little steam fixin running on a rail through the Loure, or Twenty Mileprairie?—never in all your life, I reckon! Mr. Speaker, I move the eternal expenment of this ere question, and I'll hire a schoolmaster to put it down in the biggest kind of pot-hooks."

It is needless to add, that from that day forward, the high-minded doctrine of Ring Tail Panther, in reference to internal improvement, has prevailed in the legislature of Missouri.

"The World owes me a Living, and I mean to have it by Hook or by Crook."

This is rather an unprincipled exclamation which often falls from the lips of very decent citizens. It is the motto, however, of every knave or sharper—not of an honest man. The world, it is true, owes every man a living, if he is willing to compensate the world by his own labors for the advantages which the world has conferred upon him in common with other members of civilized society. Ought any man to expect that the world will allow him freely to partake of the infinite variety of conveniences and luxuries, which the ingenuity and industry of former generations have provided for him, unless he is willing to make payment for them by performing his part of the duties of a citizen? Many are prone to imagine that if they enter into the world without fortune, without a legacy, the world has done nothing for them—that the community is rather their debtor than creditor. Men who are of this way of thinking do not consider that all the useful arts which supply them with the comforts of life, all useful public institutions, whose benefits fall equally upon all, all just and equal laws which are furnished for the protection of their individual rights, are a noble legacy which has been conferred upon them in common with their fellow citizens, by society itself. All these circumstances serve to render the most indigent members of the community, who are skilful and industrious, really wealthy—it wealth consists in having all the luxuries and conveniences of life at command. It is not true that the world has done nothing for an individual, because he has no property that he can legally call his own. He may still luxuriate in the enjoyment of a thousand comforts and conveniences, which the wealthiest of his ancestors, a few centuries ago, could not obtain. The world owes us all a living, but we all owe the world our labor and obedience to the laws in return for the living which is conferred upon us.

A writer in the Knickerbocker speaks of the Mississippi Valley as one that has no parallel on earth. Its length may be estimated at not less than two thousand five hundred miles, and its mean breadth at from twelve to fifteen hundred. He adduces many facts to prove, that it was once covered by an immense ocean, and that the great change was brought about by repeated and long continued volcanic convulsions. He describes this Valley as not only the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, but capable of sustaining a population of a hundred millions.

How to be happy.—Said a venerable farmer, eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never have lost but one communion season. I have never been confined by sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier, I MUST HAVE MORE RELIGION."

N. Y. Observer.

The way to feel rich, or rather to be so.—Never want any thing but what you must have, and never buy any thing but what you want. Owe no man any thing, but be content to have a little of something in your pocket; or as Franklin would say, always be prepared for a rainy day. The man who has but little, and is content with that, is richer than he who has abundance yet wants more. The rich fear poverty more than the poor. Riches do not make rich.

ANOTHER YANKEE TRICK.

The necessity of keeping a sharp look out when we have to do with the Yankees, is fully demonstrated in the following narrative. Our readers recollect a notice in this paper a few days since, of the safe arrival of the schooner Lone, Captain Clarke, at Matamoros, after passing the blockade. Having sold the freight at an enormous profit, Captain Clarke took in a cargo of specie and hides worth \$30,000, and cleared again for New Orleans. On the morning of the 25th June, before day-light, the Lone passed the bar of the Del Norte under canvas with a fresh smacking breeze and strong expectations of eluding the vigilance of the blockading squadron. But she had not sailed ten miles to sea before the breeze died away, and day-light revealed the French brig of war within a mile's distance. So soon as the Yankee was discovered, the French commander manned a boat with a dozen sailors and marines, boarded and took possession of her as a prize. All the crew and passengers were transferred from the schooner Lone, to the U. S. sloop of war Vandania, excepting Captain Clarke, the mate and the cook. A lieutenant and a prize crew of eight men were then put on board, and ordered to Sacrificios, where the French fleet lay at anchor. Captain Clarke, his mate and cook, were thus detained prisoners in their own vessel, under a guard of nine armed men, including the lieutenant. They submitted to their fate with commendable fortitude till the fourth of July. The vessel lay becalmed thirty miles from Sacrificios. The recollections of '76 stirred the Yankee blood in the veins of the prisoners, and they determined to make one effort for liberty. Fortune seemed to favor the attempt. They stole upon deck about daylight, and found only four sailors upon the watch; the residue and the officer having retired to rest. To knock down two of the watch, and drive the other two up the rigging before the muzzle of a pistol without a load or a flint—to fasten the companion-way upon the lieutenant, and lock the fore-castle upon the sailors, was but the work of a moment with this trio of resolute seamen contending for their freedom. Without any bloodshed, and almost without resistance, they took possession of the schooner, and brought her prize crew, money, hides and all, safely to New Orleans. On their way to this port they were met and boarded by a British armed ship, the commander of which applauded the gallant exploit of Capt. Clarke, and offered him a convey to Havana. The whole achievement may be taken as a fair specimen of Yankee daring and enterprise, and should be a caution to all who come in collision with that people, by which some useful lessons may be learned.

New Orleans Bulletin.

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE. The following very touching statement is from an account given by Mr. Merritt, of Mobile, one of the survivors from the wreck of the Pulaski, to the editors of the American. The sinking of the hull and the parting of the promenade deck, as have been heretofore related, threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Merritt, his wife and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child. While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustained, until Mr. M. proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be so well able to maintain himself that Mr. M. asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily accepted. Mr. M. was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife, when, to his horror, he felt himself elated from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr. M. that the grasp of the man would drown them all, and telling his wife that this would be the case without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push towards it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the meantime his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr. M. had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last—the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr. M.'s breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again, but on looking around he could discover neither his wife nor his child, nor the boy! What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not, but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

INFAMOUS.—A few days ago a sum of money was stolen near Kosciusko, Mississippi. A black girl, who professed to know all about the circumstances, charged a respectable white person with being the thief. Upon her testimony the citizens seized him, tied him to a tree, and "lynched" him with extreme severity. During the operation a man named Parker stood looking on, and exclaiming—"Give it to him! He has the money! He is the thief, and will soon confess it!" The lynchers found, however, after nearly a day's work, that he

would confess nothing, and he was at length released, torn, bleeding, and unable to stand.

A few hours afterwards suspicion began to rest upon Parker himself, who on being tied to the same tree, roared out, "I have the money." The whole sum was found in his possession, and that of the wench on whose false testimony the innocent man had been so horribly mutilated.

This occurrence should be a memorable lesson to all who are disposed to take the vengeance of the law into their own hands. The atrocious practice of "lynching" deserves to be stamped with the indignation of man and the wrath of God. Every actor in the bloody tragedy at Kosciusko should at once be driven forth, an exile from society and all its sympathies. Louisville Journal.

Extraordinary Electrical Phenomenon.—A most singular appearance in the heavens is described in the Carrollton (Miss.) Enquirer, as having been witnessed in that neighborhood on the night of the 20th ult. For some time previous, there had been an excessive drought. On that night, about 8 o'clock, the air became clouded, the clouds running generally south, and for two hours there was a continual discharge of electricity all around the horizon. "During this incessant coruscation," says the Enquirer, "there shot from the pointed clouds a brilliant volley of sparks, exceedingly bright. Some falling towards the earth, others running in a zigzag course, crossing nearly the whole firmament. These luminous sparks shot forth, sometimes large and singly, and at others branching out in every direction in the most splendid arborescent manner. We are told, for we did not witness it, that the scene was one of the most gorgeous and beautiful ever witnessed. The whole atmosphere appeared uncommonly charged with the electric fluid—the radiant flashes assumed sometimes the form of waves of light rolling with velocity athwart the heavens—and are said to have been painful to the eye from their frequency. These sparks, which were vividly brilliant, resembled large balls of fire suddenly struck with a hammer, and flying about in the most fantastic manner. Others have compared them to the sparks sometimes produced by the blow pipe on metal heated to intensity.

A man has been tried before Judge Willard at the Oyer and Terminer of St. Lawrence county, New York, for biting off his wife's tongue—effected by strangling her until she obstructed her tongue. He bit off about an inch, and the woman's sufferings were great, besides being disabled in her speech. The husband was proved at times insane on religious subjects, believing himself Christ, &c. The wife rebuked him for it, and this caused him to inflict punishment on her. He was, however, of bad temper, and lived unhappily with his wife. He was sentenced to seven years in the state prison.

The curious and important operation of the transfusion of blood, was recently performed with perfect success by Mr. J. Wilson and Mr. Richard Pipley of Whitney, on the person of Mrs. Harley, who was rapidly sinking under violent hemorrhage. The plasma was gone, and not even by the application of a mirror to the mouth of the patient could it be perceived that she breathed; but by the injection into the veins of a large quantity of blood taken from those of her sister and husband, the patient was gradually withdrawn from the very jaws of death, and is now approaching convalescence.

Sunderland Herald.

Dreadful Famine in India.—The over land despatch from India (via Maracellus) arrived in London, brings intelligence from Calcutta and Madras, to the middle and from Bombay to the end of March. The accounts of the progress of the famine in the western provinces are most horrible; the inhabitants of the Agra are compelled to forego their evening drives on account of the intolerable effluvia arising from the dead bodies surrounding the station. A small river, near Cawnpore, is said to be literally choked with the corpses of the multitudes starved to death. A relief fund has been opened in Calcutta, and on 15th of March the subscriptions amounted to above 40,000 rupees.

THE CORONATION.

The coronation of the Queen of England took place in London, on the 28th of June. The day was ushered in by the firing of a royal salute of twenty-one guns at a quarter before 4 o'clock; streams of persons were soon after seen hastening to the point where was to be exhibited the gorgeous spectacle, and joyousness, happiness and loyalty, appeared to fill every breast. At 5 o'clock the doors of the Abbey were opened, and many of those having the privilege entered shortly after that time, and carriages continued to arrive in rapid succession, and set down their company, for several hours. So anxious were parties to secure seats, that the galleries erected in the open air, in the precincts of the Abbey, were partially occupied as early as half past four.

Troops and the police were brought out during the morning, to occupy the line of route. The procession started from the New Palace a few minutes after ten. The varied costumes of the foreign ambassadors and the other individuals who formed the procession excited much admiration.

About an hour after leaving Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty arrived at the west entrance of the Abbey, and was received by the great officers of state, the

molemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops, when Her Majesty repaired to her robing chamber. Her Majesty having been robed, advanced up to the nave into the choir, the choristers in the orchestra singing the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord." When Her Majesty took her seat in a chair before and below the throne, the spectacle was truly magnificent. Then followed the recognition, Her Majesty's first oblation, the Litany, and the remainder of the service.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, from Chron. xxxiv. v. 21. The Archbishop of Canterbury then administered the oath, to a transcript of which Her Majesty affixed her royal signature, after which, the Archbishop anointed and consecrated Her Majesty. Then followed the presentation of the spurs and sword; the investing with the royal robe, and the investiture of the ring and gloves, and the delivery of the scepter and the rod with the dove.

The Archbishop then placed the crown on Her Majesty's head, and the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishop their caps, and the kings-of-arms their crowns. The effect was magnificent in the extreme.

The shout which followed this part of the ceremony was really tumultuous. After this followed the anthem, "The Queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord!" at the conclusion of which, the Archbishop presented Her Majesty with the Holy Bible, and then pronounced the benediction; and the choir sang the Te Deum. Then followed the ceremony of the enthronement, the Archbishops and Bishops and other peers lifting up Her Majesty into the throne, when the peers did homage. The solemnity of the coronation being thus ended, the Queen went down from the throne to the altar, made her second oblation, and returned to her chair.

The Archbishop then read the prayers for the whole estate of Christ's Church militant here on earth, &c.; and the chorus, "Hallelujah! for the Lord Omnipotent reigneth," having been sung, Her Majesty proceeded to the altar, accompanied by the great officers of state, when the Archbishop read the final prayer. The whole coronation office being thus performed, the Queen proceeded, crowned, to King Edwards Chapel, where she delivered the sceptre with the dove in the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar there. His Grace then placed the orb in the Queen's left hand, and the procession returned in the same state and order.

FROM TEXAS.

New Orleans, July 25.

By the steamer Columbia, which arrived yesterday morning, we have illustrious papers to the 21st instant. By these we learn that the Comanches in the neighborhood of Bexar have become exceedingly hostile; and violent animosities are made upon the conduct of the Executive for taking no steps to defend the frontier, and carry into operation the law recently passed by Congress to that effect. The same tribe, however, in the vicinity of Bastrop, remain quite friendly, and it is therefore supposed that some recent outrage must have been committed on them by the settlers above Bexar.

A ruffian named James Wright, who, some months since, fled from Houston, after murdering an Indian, was lately arrested at Bexar, where he had robbed the church of about sixty pounds of silver in consecrated vessels. Wright being conducted to Houston, he was liberated by the sheriff of Colorado and a justice of peace.

A party of 200 Mexicans recently came into Goliad, and stole all the horses and mules in and near the place. Near Compa, they overtook seven wagons loaded with merchandise, which they pillaged, killing Putnam and Harris, two of the drivers. They also captured and robbed two young men near Refugio, who, claiming to be citizens of the United States, and threatening to obtain redress from their Consul in Matamoros, so frightened the marauding leader, that he instantly gave them their liberty, their horses, and every article they claimed.

True American.

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

The newspapers are chiefly occupied in canvassing the merits of the respective candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. The death of the Hon. Jos. Collinsworth, Chief Justice of Texas, is mentioned.

The Mexicans, driven by stress of blockade, have taken possession of Corpus Christi, where goods and supplies are landed, and forwarded to the interior. In taking possession of this place, the Mexicans will, to some extent, evade the blockade of their ports by France. The Texans appear to be very much exasperated at this renewal of hostilities, and talk loudly of marching to Matamoros.

Public meetings have been held at Brazoria and Alatorra, where resolutions were passed to raise a volunteer force, to be forthwith put in motion against Matamoros; should the policy of the Government not be adverse to the proposed measure. The feelings of the people have been greatly irritated by depredations committed on the frontier by the Mexicans. A company of 200 recently entered Goliad, and stole all the horses and mules about the place. On their retreat they overtook seven wagons loaded with merchandise, which they pillaged, killing one driver and wounding another. The value of the goods amounted to several thousand dollars. President Houston is severely censured for his acquiescence.

A man that break his word bids others to be true to him.

HILLSBOROUGH. Thursday, August 9.

ELECTION RETURNS.

The following is the result of the election in this county—the vote at each separate election will be given next week:

GOVERNOR.	
Dudley, Branch.	1480
SENATE.	1308
Allison, Waddell.	731
COMMONS.	694
Trotter, Stockard.	1566
Graham, Sims.	1530
Mangum, Bracken.	1485
Boon, Johnston.	1474
SHERIFF.	1468
Tarrantine.	1346
Terry.	1299
Gent.	1277
Scattering.	2181
	62
	73
	3

Graville—John C. Taylor, W. senate; Robert B. Gilliam, W. H. L. Roberts, W., and Eljah Hester, V. B. commons.

Johnston—Josiah Holder, V. B. senate; John T. Ellington, W. and J. Tomlinson, V. B. commons.

Craven—Samuel S. Biddle, W. senate; Samuel Hyman and William B. Wadsworth, Whigs, commons.

Franklin—John D. Hawkins, senate; W. P. Williams and Thomas Howerton, commons, all Van Buren.

Lenoir—Wendell Davis, V. B. commons.

Washington—D. S. Gwither, senate; H. G. Spruill, commons, both Whigs.

Beaufort—Willie A. Blount and John M. Williams, commons, both Whigs.

Beaufort & Hyde—James O.K. Williams, Whig, senate.

Hyde—Tilmon Farrow, Whig, commons.

Halifax—A. Joyner, W. senate; M. A. Wilson, William W. Daniel and Spier Whitaker, all V. B. commons.

Pitt—Alfred Moyer, senate; J. L. Foreman and J. C. Gorman, commons, all Whigs.

Northampton—William Moody, W. senate; J. Amis, V. B. and H. Faison, W. commons.

Bertie—William W. Cherry, W. senate; Lewis Bond, W. and James R. Rayner, V. B. commons.

Greene—James Williams, W. commons. In the district, James Harper, W. senate.

According to the above returns, the Whigs have gained two in Pitt, one in Johnston, two in Bertie, one in Greene and one in the senatorial district, three in Craven; and have lost three in Orange, one in Granville, three in Halifax, and one in Northampton—Total Whig gain 10—loss 8

GOVERNOR'S ELECTION.

Coville.	Dudley, Branch.
Orange.	1480 1308
Beaufort.	768 217
Granville.	618 152
Johnston.	732 142
Craven.	519 309
Franklin.	234 460
Lenoir.	221 260
Washington.	322 46
Halifax.	458 321
Pitt.	637 275
Greene.	350 61
	6350 3571

Major General Macomb, commander-in-chief of the United States army, arrived in this village on Saturday from the north, and leaves to-day for the Niagara frontier. We are happy to learn from him that the disturbances on the northern line have entirely subsided; and though a feeling very naturally exists among a great portion of our citizens favorable to the cause of freedom abroad as well as at home, a respect for our laws and a desire to avoid any friction of the amicable relations existing between our own and the British Government, will prevent any interference in the internal relations of the Canada.

The presence of General M. within a district of country where his services were so distinguished and important during the last war, has undoubtedly produced a very salutary influence; and we have no doubt a similar effect will result from his visitation to the western frontier.

Saratoga Sentinel.

Fire in New York—A fire broke out on the morning of the 1st inst. in the Soap Factory of Mr. Humphrey Jones, in the centre of the block bounded by Perry, Hammond, Washington, & West streets, in the city of New York, which destroyed the whole block, composed of two-story houses with brick fronts, about twenty in number. It is reported that three persons were burnt to death—one certain, whose body has been taken from the ruins.

The Natchez Free Trader of the 9th ult., states that Messrs. Drane and Dickinson, of Canton, Madison county, Mississippi, both gentlemen of high respectability, fought a duel a few days ago

near that place with double-barrelled shot guns, and were both killed.

A savage murder has been committed in Broadway, in full daylight, by a negro man upon his wife. The cause was jealousy. A murder is not so very remarkable in New York, but this, committed when Broadway was full of people, struck the crowds with horror. The negro cut his wife's throat.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

Mr. Clay in Tennessee.—Nothing can be more certain than that the popularity of Mr. Clay in the west and southwest is increasing with the most astonishing strides. A proof of this lately occurred in Tennessee, which is worth a special notice.

A meeting of the "original friends of Judge White, opposed to Mr. Clay," was called at Shelbyville, Bedford county, with a view of obtaining an expression of opinion hostile to the latter gentleman. The resolutions were all cut and dry, the chairman appointed, and two Van Buren orators addressed the meeting for four weary hours. The question was about to be taken, when Gen. Barringer, a distinguished and sterling Whig, formerly a member of Congress from North Carolina, arose, and respectfully directed the attention of the people to the nature of the movement which they were called upon to make. He briefly explained the motives of the originators of the meeting, exposed their inconsistency, and made mince-meat of their resolutions. Loud huzzas rang through the house as this veteran in the Whig cause proceeded in his remarks, and ere he had become warmed with the subject, the people gathered around him with the most enthusiastic interest. The Nashville Whig states that his defence of Mr. Clay was brilliant and triumphant.

The warm applause with which the remarks of Gen. B. were received stung the Locofocos to madness. The Chairman abruptly abandoned his post, the leaders of the meeting called upon their followers to secede, and left about fifteen persons left the meeting, leaving behind them by far the larger portion. The people insisted that Gen. B. should proceed, which he did with the most triumphant success. At the close of his speech, he demanded whether they would "stick to the Whig cause and Henry Clay." Every voice responded aye! The noise was then called for, but not a tongue responded. Mr. Clay's strength and popularity far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

Death of Commodore Rogers.—We learn from the Philadelphia papers, that Com. Rogers, one of the bravest and most distinguished officers in the Navy, died in the Naval Asylum, near that City, on Wednesday evening. He was in his 74th year and had long been suffering with sickness.

His funeral was attended on Friday evening, by the officer of the Army and Navy in Philadelphia.

Death of Commodore Rogers.—The funeral of this distinguished officer took place yesterday afternoon; his remains were interred at Christ Church burying ground, with the honors of war, and salutes fired at the Navy Yard during the day.

Commodore Rogers was up to his death the head of the American Navy—the oldest commander in the service—but for the last fifteen months has been a resident of the Naval Asylum in this city, and the greater part of that time in close confinement, a confirmed lunatic. He was made as comfortable as his unhappy situation would permit. His was not a continued madness, but a kind of childishness, with a strong passion for destruction upon slight or imaginary provocation.

He had gradually grown weaker and weaker for several months past, and died on Thursday morning about two o'clock, without any particular disease, but from excessive weakness.

By his death Commodore Baron becomes the head of the Navy, with a salary increased from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a year. Commodore Stewart, now in command at our Navy Yard, is second upon the list of officers, having been forty years in the service. The Times.

Judge Strange.—We see it stated in several of the Federal papers in our state, that this gentleman has resolved to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States. We are authorized to say, that Judge Strange has no idea of resigning his seat in the Senate; and has authorized no one to make the assertion, that he intended to resign.

The above is from the North Carolina Journal; and as Judge Strange is reputed to be one of the owners of that paper, it is but fair to suppose that he not only authorized but penned the article. If so, we would respectfully suggest to him that it is a little beneath the dignity of his high station to apply the loco loco slang of "Federal papers," to the Whig press of this state. The editors of those papers are, without exception, so far as we know, as good Republicans as Mr. Strange professes to be. The term Federalist meant, while it had a meaning as applied to parties in this country, one who favored a strong Federal or General Government, while the Whigs have been equally zealous in their efforts to bring it within proper bounds, by restraining its patronage, reducing its expenditures, and rebuking its bold assumptions of power. Who then is deserving of the

epithet "Federal" more than Judge Strange and his party?

As to the report that Judge Strange was about to resign, it originated in the Newbern Spectator, which we doubt not, will either give its authority, or acknowledge its error. Fayetteville Observer.

The Georgia Pioneer, of the 30th ult., says:—"By a gentleman just from the Agency, we learn that there are at this time, about 8000 Cherokees at that place, 3000 at Ross's Landing; 6000 were expected from North Carolina, the latter part of this week; and three thousand have already departed for their new homes in the far West, making in all 15,000, which comprises nearly the whole Nation."

The same paper says:—"On yesterday evening, Capt. Meane's company of mounted volunteers passed through this place on their way to New Echota. They had with them about 25 Indians that had been laying out, and among them was the celebrated Chief, Soft Shell Turtle. These, it is believed, are the last remnant of the Indians in this country."

FLORIDA WAR.

We have just received the subjoined letter from a meritorious young officer, now stationed at Fort Hellen, East Florida, which contains late intelligence from the seat of War, than any we have seen. The writer is a North-Carolinian, and sketches with a graphic pen the hardships and difficulties which those engaged in this "glorious war."

Raleigh Register.

Fort Hellen, East Florida, July 15, 1838.

You will see that I have advanced rapidly in rank, and it seems to me that every thing has assumed a prosperous line since I have been in the military line. Yet, I must say, that he who enters the service with the belief that there is not much duty to perform, becomes woefully mistaken when he enters upon his labors. We have had a severe time of it, wading in morasses and swamps, and encountering difficulties, and enduring without a murmur hardships of which no one can conceive who is at a distance. Our march from Fort Mellon to the southern portion of Florida, was marked with much suffering and fatigue to officers and soldiers, and a great destruction of the finest horses that I have ever seen. Our regiment suffered a great loss, one that I fear will not be made up in some time; nearly the whole is now mounted, but upon indifferent horses. We have all the scouting to do at this season of the year, as it is too warm for foot troops.

I assure you this war is far from being at an end. The Mickaskees have now about 500 warriors, and they can remain here until they deem it proper to surrender. To say that we can perish them out, is nonsense, as the whole country is filled with fine beef, the woods abound with deer and turkeys, and the streams and ponds have an abundance of fish. The enemy can elude us, at any moment, when we are in pursuit, in the dense hammocks which afford a safe shelter to them. In many hammocks, no troops can operate; but the enemy have small boats, with which they are familiarly acquainted, and can pass out of our reach. I often see it asked in many points, why do the troops not surround the hammock? I can only say, that the hammocks are sometimes 20 miles long and 10 broad. There is another great advantage to the enemy: they can always fight from their own position, and they are warriors enough not to take any position which can be surrounded before they are warned by their sentinels—whom they have always thrown out from their flanks; and you are always in ignorance of the enemy's being near, until you hear the report of the rifle, and then the savage yell.

You have no conception of the manner of our living in the field; we scarcely have transportation enough to carry the Park, Bread and Coffee, which alone compose our bill of fare, and the blanket which shields us from the storm. Yet, amidst all this, our troops, often barefooted and their panalons cut off as high as the knee with the saw Palmetto, press forward in the defence of their country, and in checking the depredations of the savage upon the inhabitants of this region, whose presses teem with abuse upon the army now serving in the territory. The officers are alienated from home, kindred and friends, and compelled to remain in this ignominious war, defending a domain which can never be densely populated, and protecting some of its inhabitants who would suffer much in comparison with the savage."

Extract of a letter from an officer of the Army, dated

"Tampa Bay, July 15, 1838.

"Gen. Taylor is expected to be back from Ok-fenoke in from four to ten days. The enemy, so far as we can learn, is more hostile than ever, though we have not yet been troubled on this side of the Territory. We have heard that they are determined to hold out to the last. They kill all messengers sent out by the whites, and all who speak of giving up. Some of the most popular Indians have been killed this summer by their own people."

Mr. Clay an Abolitionist.—Bah!—At a recent anniversary in Boston, Rev. Hubbard Winslow toasted Mr. Clay, as one, "who, by a long and brilliant career of patriotic and faithful service," is worthy to be President of the United States; whereupon the Boston Laborator, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, the most talented and dangerous as he is the most infamous of the abolition party, denounced the reverend gentleman as a "prophet of lies," because he had toast-

ed "a slaveholder" as worthy of the Chief Magistracy of the Union! What is the inference? Is it that the abolitionists are likely to support this slaveholder? Or is it not that they will give their votes to one who is not a slaveholder? We ask the Washington Chronicle, whose horror of the abolitionists seems to increase as the Presidential canvass progresses, and as the thread-bare hope of Mr. Calhoun's becoming the Democratic candidate strengthens.

Lynchburg Virginian.

Weekly Almanac.	
AUGUST.	Sun rises sets.
9 Thursday.	5 13 8 47
10 Friday.	5 14 8 46
11 Saturday.	5 16 8 45
21 Sunday.	5 18 8 45
31 Monday.	5 16 8 44
41 Tuesday.	5 17 8 43
61 Wednesday.	5 18 8 42
MOON'S PHASES.	
Full.	5 6 8 after.
Last.	12 10 9 after.
First.	28 3 37 more.

Orange Dragons.

ALL persons who are disposed to join the Orange Dragons are requested to attend at William Lipscomb's on Saturday the 30th instant.

August 15. 31

Imported Sheep.

I WISH to sell my Imported Sheep. The flock consists of two Tupas and two Ewes. It is not in my power to pay the proper attention to them, and if I can get the same price here as I offered for them in the West, would prefer selling them in my native state.

These sheep afford annually from nine to ten pounds of wool, and when dressed, about 100 lbs. of Mutton.

If not sold, they go to Tennessee.

August 8. A. J. DAVIE. 31-

Notice.

AS Agent of Mrs. ROBERT MODERWELL, I have placed all the Notes and Accounts due the Hillsborough Mercantile House, in the hands of Cad Jones Attorney, for collection.

W. T. SHIELDS, Agent.

August 8. 31-

Earthenware, China, and Glass.

THOMAS J. BARROW, IMPORTER.

No. 35 Nassau Street, New York.

AS on sale a complete assortment of choice and desirable articles in the above line which will be sold to the country trade upon the most favorable terms. The attention of purchasers is respectfully solicited, with the hope of being able to give entire satisfaction in every particular.

New York, July 21. 31-

Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust, executed to me by Margaret Murdock, for certain purposes therein named, I shall sell at public sale, for cash, on the 7th of September next, at the late residence of said Margaret Murdock,

Two Likely Negroes,

one man and one girl.

SAMUEL KERR, Trustee.

August 6. 31-4

English Teacher

wanted immediately.

WHO take charge of the English School at this place. One who can come well recommended will meet with liberal encouragement.

Apply to B. Check, esq. Magistrate of Police, in person, or by letter post paid.

August 8. 31-6

Liston's Practical Surgery.

PRACTICAL SURGERY,

ILLUSTRATED BY

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

BY ROBERT LISTON, SURGEON.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

G. W. NICHOLS, M. D.

One of the Surgeons of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

THE above celebrated work will immediately appear in Duglison's American Medical Library, with all the Engravings of the London edition, and additional illustrations of American cases. There will be about one hundred and thirty in the whole.

The American Medical Library and Intelligence, edited by Professor R. Duglison, is published in octavo form, once a fortnight, each No. containing 101 pages of reprint of some new and established medical work—and from 16 to 24 pages of original and selected cases, notices and reviews of new medical publications, &c.—making yearly upwards of 5000 pages of the Reader a very superior style—the whole forming a concentrated record of medical science and literature.

Subscription, Ten Dollars a year, payable in advance. Subscriptions taken from April of each year.

Published at 46 Carpenter Street, Philadelphia, by

Adam Waldie.

Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.—New York: Wm. Burnes 152 Broadway—Baltimore: N. Hickman—Albany: W. C. Little—Charles ton: W. H. Barrett, E. P. Boile.

The following works have been published in the first five Nos. of this year:—Kraemer on the Diseases of the Ear—Hauksbury's Practical Observations on Midwifery. Sygne on the Diseases of the Rectum. Osborne on the Nature and Treatment of Dropsical Diseases. Green on the Diseases of the Skin. C. J. on Diseases of the Bladder in Women. The numerous tables, cases, &c. contained in the Intelligence are department.

July, 1838. 31-

A METHODIST PROTEST.

AN CAMP MEETING will be held at the Ridge Meeting house, commencing on Friday the 21th August.

August 1. 30-

The Matchless Sanative.

A advertisement for which the two sub-

sequent copies, is for sale at Aldrich Post Office, Chatham county by

ROBERT WOODY.

Agent for the sale of the same

N. B. A fresh supply just received.

June 27. 25-3

GOELICKE'S

Matchless Sanative.

GO LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE, M. D. of Germany (Europe), belongs to the Imperial

honour of adding a new and precious doctrine to the Science of Medicine—a doctrine which, though it is highly opposed by some of the faculty, (of which he is a valuable member,) he proves to be as well founded in truth as any doctrine of Holy Writ—a doctrine, by the very of which are suspended the lives of millions of our race, and which he boldly challenges a opponent to refute. viz. Consumption is a disease always occasioned by a diseased state of the VITA (or Life Principle) of the human body; it is often secretly lurking in the system, for years before there is the least complaint of the lungs, and which may be as certainly cured, as a common cold or a simple headache. An inviolably precious doctrine this, as it imparts an important lesson to the apparently healthy of both sexes, teaching them that this insidious foe may be an unobserved inmate of their "clayey houses" even while they imagine themselves secure from its attacks; teaching them that the great secret in the art of preserving health is to pluck out the disease while in the blade, and not wait till the full grown ear.

This illustrious benefactor of man is also entitled to the unfeigned gratitude of the world, for the invention of his

MATCHLESS SANATIVE.

whose healing balm may justly claim for it such a title, since it has so signally triumphed over

great common enemy.

CONSUMPTION.

both in the first and last stages—a medicine which has thoroughly filled the vacuum in the Materia Medica, and thereby proved itself to be a CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS;

a medicine, for which all mankind will have abundant cause to bless the beneficent hand of kind Providence—a medicine, whose wondrous virtues have been so gloriously portrayed even by some of our clergy, in their pastoral visits to the sick chamber; by which means they often become the happy instruments of changing deep-seated misery into peace, sickness into health, and sadness into joyous gladness.

GOELICKE'S

Matchless Sanative,

is obtained equally from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, and thus possesses a three fold power; and though designed as a remedy for Consumption, it is powerful in its mysterious influence over many diseases of the human system—is a medicine which begins to be valued by Physicians, who are daily witnessing its astonishing cures of many, whom they had resigned to the grasp of the Insatiable Grave.

DOSE OF THE SANATIVE, for adults, one

drop; for children, a half drop; and for infants, a quarter drop; the directions explain the manner of taking a half or quarter drop.

PRICE—Three and one third six dollars

(\$2.50 per half ounce).

All persons who live in unhealthy climates, whether hot or cold, all operatives and others, connected with manufactures, and all who lead sedentary and inactive lives, are exposed to various dangerous maladies which may be averted by paying upon their constitutions while their constitutions wear the glow of health, and while they "suspect no danger"—maladies which an occasional use of the Sanative would check in the bud.

The patient, while using the medicine, should eat and drink (in kind, not quantity) as nature dictates, and not be compelled to force down, against a true every malady which the tenderest friends and kindest nurses often imprudently recommend. NATURE IS THE GREAT PHYSICIAN, (the doctor and nurse only her servants); and it would profit by her advice, we must adhere strictly to her inflexible recipe. If she order for the patient water, poultry, or beef, obey her; if she direct fish, fowl, eggs, or a beef steak, regard her order in other words, the patient should eat and drink whatever his appetite craves, not forgetting to "temperance in all things."

In burning fevers, mock not the patient's instinctive call for cooling drink by simply moistening (!) his parched lips; but place by his bedside a vessel of water, put into his hands a cup, and let him stake his thirst at pleasure. This is reason, this is common sense; this is nature.

A CERTIFICATE

From three members of the MEDICAL PROFESSION in Germany, in Europe.

We, the undersigned, practitioners of medicine in Germany, are well aware, that by our course we may forfeit the friendship of some of the faculty, but not of its benevolent members, who are uninfluenced by selfish motives. Though we shall refrain from an expression of our opinion, either of the soundness, or unsoundness of Dr. Goelicke's new doctrine, we are happy to say that we deem his Sanative too valuable not to be generally known; for what our eyes behold and our ears hear, we must believe.

We hereby state, that when Dr. Louis Offon Goelicke first came before the German public, as the pretended discoverer of a new doctrine and a new medicine, we held him in the highest contempt, believing and openly pronouncing him to be a base impostor and the prince of quacks. But, on hearing so much said about the Sanative, against and for it, we were induced, from motives of curiosity merely, to make trial of its reputed virtues upon a number of our most hopeless patients; and we now deem it our bounden duty (even at the expense of our self interest) publicly to acknowledge its mighty efficacy, in curing not only consumption, but other fearful maladies, which we have heretofore believed incurable. Our contempt for the discoverer of this medicine was at once swallowed up in our utter astonishment at these unexpected results; and as amends for our abuse of him, we do frankly confess to the world, that we believe him a philanthropist, who does honor to the profession and to our country, which gave him birth.

The recent adoption of this medicine into some of our European Hospitals is a sufficient guaranty that it performs all its promises. It needed not our testimony, for whosoever it is used, it is its own best witness. HERMAN ERMOLLER, M. D. WALTER VAN GAULT, M. D. ADOLPHUS WERNER, M. D.

MATCHLESS SANATIVE.

DAVID S. ROHLAND, the General Agent for this mighty medicine (invented by the immortal Goelicke of Germany) has great pleasure in publishing the following highly important letter from a respectable gentleman in New York, which he has received, &c.

Many others of a similar character—also very interesting to the friends of the Sanative, will be found in the following—viz. together with the certificate from three eminent German

Physicians must be given, as the character of the Sanative as being without a parallel in the history of medicine.

Testimony No. 1.

A letter from H. P. Sherwood, esq. of N. York.

N. York, October 9, 1837.

Dr. D. S. Roiland, Esq.—About the middle of July last, I accidentally noticed in a newspaper the advertisement of the Matchless Sanative, for which I procured you were agent, and which I procured to be a sovereign remedy for Consumption.

As my wife was then fast wasting away with this dreadful disease, and as our family physician was daily and anxiously endeavoring to restore her to health without success, I stepped over to his house, and asked him if he had any objections to her taking this medicine. He replied, that "he was perfectly willing Mrs. Sherwood should take that or any other medicine she might choose, but he thought it could do her no good, as her lungs were rapidly consuming, and no human means could save her." Still as a drowning person will catch at a straw, and the Sanative being recommended by three physicians who had used it in their practice, she concluded to give it a trial.

I sent and purchased a vial, which she commenced taking three times a day, giving a free indulgence to her appetite according to the directions. By pursuing this course, she suffered considerably for the first eight or ten days, but was shortly able to eat and drink freely, without the least inconvenience.

Within four weeks from her first using the medicine, her feeble and wasted frame began to put on new strength, and she has been gaining from day to day until the present moment, to the utter astonishment of our family physician and friends. She is now enjoying a comfortable (though not perfect) state of health, is able to be about the house and to attend church.

Mrs. Sherwood and myself are both fully of the opinion, and aware of all who know her remarkable case, that she owes her life to the Sanative alone; and as there are probably many consumptive persons in the United States, who have not yet heard of this medicine, measures ought speedily to be adopted to have it more generally known.

A number of persons in this neighborhood, I understand, are taking it for other serious complaints, with very great benefit. I think of going to the South, with my family, sometime this fall, and in case I do, I will proclaim the virtues of the Sanative in that quarter; for although some of the physicians there are actively opposed to it, I do sincerely believe I saved my wife from an opening grave.

If you think this letter will serve the public good, you are at liberty to publish it. Respectfully, &c.

H. F. SHERWOOD.

Testimony No. 2.

GERMAN SANATIVE.

Extract from the Essex Register, published in Salem, Massachusetts.

The Agents for the sale of this invaluable medicine in this city, have in their possession statements of many instances, which have already voluntarily been made to them of benefit resulting from its use. Inquirers can be directed to the individuals by calling at the Book-store of the Agents.

LYON & FLETCHER, 193 Essex street.

Testimony No. 3.

THE MATCHLESS SANATIVE.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

It is a true observation, but not the less true, that among the first qualifications for governing well, is that of having learned to obey. 'Tis the path to which wisdom points her votaries as the only one which leads to durable honor, happiness, and peace. It is a truth binding alike upon the prince who fills the throne and the peasant in the vale; it extends to all ranks, orders and conditions.

If there are any who should be more deeply impressed with its importance than all others, surely they are those who have been elevated to the highest stations in the land, the contagion of whose bad example spreads far and wide, and is consequently attended with more pernicious and baneful effects. We have been led to these reflections by the scene of anarchy and contention exhibited in the hall of the House of Representatives on the Sabbath day, a day selected by them as the most fit and appropriate one to close the labors of the late session of Congress.

For ourselves, we should rejoice to see the newspaper press of the country brought to bear upon this subject. We should still more rejoice to see the people fix their seal of reprobation upon conduct as offensive in the sight of Heaven as it is derogatory to the honor and welfare of our country. In the incidents detailed below, our rulers will find an example in the case of the young Queen of England worthy their imitation, and the imitation of all others.

A ROYAL EXAMPLE.

A noble Lord, not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor on a Monday night, late on Saturday night. "I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some papers of importance, but as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night—but request your attention to them to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning," repeated the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!" "But business of state, please your Majesty!" "Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen, "and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning."

To church went the Royal party—to church went the Noble Lord—and, much to his surprise, the sermon was on "the duties of the Sabbath." "How did your Lordship like the sermon?" inquired the young Queen. "Very much, your Majesty," replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. "I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it." The day passed without a single word on the subject of the papers of importance—"which must be gone into at length."

His Lordship was—as he always is—gracious and entertaining—and at night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, "To-morrow morning, my Lord," she said, "at any hour you please—as early as seven if you like—we will go into those papers." His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty—"nine would be quite time enough." "As they are of importance, my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier—but at nine be it." And at nine her Majesty was seated ready to receive the nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped, he will not quickly forget.

Court Journal.

To Sabbath Breakers.—There lived a man in this neighborhood who cared not for the Sabbath. He burnt his planting ground on Sunday; there came a rain Saturday night, so he plowed his tobacco on Sunday, and for fear of frost he cut it on Sunday. The woods caught fire from his carelessness on Saturday night, and burnt his tobacco and barn both up on Sunday. So his crop was begun on Sunday, and consumed on Sunday.

Biblical Recorder.

FAMILY AFFECTION.
In some families there appeared to exist but little natural feelings among members for one another. We often see a brother successful in business, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, while a sister who may have married injudiciously, is pining unnoticed in suffering and want. The brother's name may often be found heading a subscription list for some splendid charity; and yet he has no dollar to spare for the playmate of his early years, who has been overtaken by poverty. And sisters, whose lot in life have been cast unequally—how often do they forget the sweet intercourse of childhood, and meet as waywardly as strangers. The one, per chance, who was the fondest and most beloved in early days, is she whose lot is cast in the low vale of want to after life, and whom the more fortunate sisters regard with indifference, or shun from motives of false pride.

Balt. Visitor.

Neither talents, nor wealth, nor virtues are hereditary, you must build up your own foundation; you must become the artificers of your future fame and fortune. You must yourselves enrich your minds, sow the seeds and mature the good plants, if you would reap the abundant harvest and enjoy the reward. The elements of education which you have gathered in the schools, are the paper upon which you are to record your characters, the more implements of usefulness. They will profit you only as you use them by diligence and good judgment. But the standard of your acquirements must not be

graduated by the past. Every age demands a greater degree of mental culture than the one which preceded it; and it behooves you to qualify yourselves for that which now dawn upon your mental vision. The more you learn to depend upon yourselves, the more you will find developed capacities and energies of which you are yet unconscious of possessing—the more likely you will be to prosper in life. The sapling which is sheltered by the towering pine, or wide spreading oak, is neither so strong nor so graceful as that which grows up without shelter, and acquires strength and solidity from the buffeting of the winds and storms. The plant that is nurtured in the shade is not so beautiful, its blossoms are not so fragrant, nor its fruit so rich, as the flower, the flower, and the fruit of that which grows in the glare of solar light.

Judge Huel's Address.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

In Equity—March Term, 1838.

Edward Davis and Wife, } Original Bill.

vs. } Wm. Cain, Ex'r, and others.

IN this case it is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless James Davis, Dickens and his wife Mary William Davis, Susan Davis, and Martha Davis, appear at the next term of this court, to be held at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of September next, and plead, answer or demur, or the bill will be heard ex parte as to them.

Given under my hand at office, in Hillsborough, the second Monday of March, 1838.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E.

Price Adv \$4 50 29-6w

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

In Equity—March Term 1838.

Henry Hutchins and others, } Original Bill.

vs. } Thomas Mitchell and wife.

IT appears to the satisfaction of the Court, that Thomas Mitchell, Frances Potter and her husband (deceased) David Mitchell, and the other heirs at law of James C. Mitchell, the defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this state; It is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless said defendants appear at the next term of this court, to be held at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of September next, and then and there plead, answer, or demur, to said bill, or the same will be taken pro confesso and decreed accordingly.

Given under my hand at office, in Hillsborough, the second Monday of March, 1838.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E.

Price Adv \$4 50 30-6w

Stray.

Taken up by Samuel Forster, living eighteen miles east from Hillsborough, on Flat River, and entered on the stray book of Orange County on the 21st day of May, a yellow steel MARE, valued at twenty-five dollars.

JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger.

July 28. 29-3w

24 CENTS REWARD, if delivered—or \$2 if confined in any Jail.

AN away from the subscriber, on Monday the 23rd of July, a bound boy by the name of MARTIN A. JACKSON. He is about 18 years old, tolerably well grown, well complexioned, downward look, and of regular appearance. The above reward will be given for his apprehension and delivery to me, but no thanks will be tendered. All persons are hereby warned against harboring or employing him, as the law will be enforced to its fullest extent on such as may.

SOLOMON FULLER.

Amount 1. 30-

HOUSE and LOT

FOR SALE.

I OFFER for sale my House and Lot at Hillsborough, containing about four acres of land. Persons desiring to purchase, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence at this place, for an equal or proportional price, in regard to neighborhood, water, and pleasantness of location.

P. H. MANGUM.

July 21. 29-

Public Sale.

THE HOUSE and premises at present occupied by Mrs. Ann Bannan, in the town of Hillsborough, situated on the main street and done over to Mr. Palmer's lot, will be offered for sale to the highest bidder, on the day of the August elections.

Terms made known on the day of sale, and a perfect warranty title given.

WM. E. ANDERSON.

July 17, 1838. 29-

Ladies' Shoes.

THE Subscribers have just received a fresh assortment of Ladies Shoes and Slippers, of the best Philadelphia manufacture.

O. F. LONG, & Co.

July 12. 29-

O. F. Long, & Co., have also on hand, 50 Sacks of Salt, 20 Boxes Hull's Patent Candles, 3 Boxes Sperm Candles, &c., all of which they will sell on the best terms.

July 12 21-

Found.

ON the town commons, a Fine Gold Guard Watch Seal or Key. The owner can have it, by proving property, and paying for this advertisement.

Inquire at this Office.

July 4 27-

Stray.

Taken up by John Christopher, living sixteen miles north from Hillsborough, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange County, a Dark Bay MARE, black mane and tail, small star in her face, four feet ten and a quarter inch high, two years old this spring. Valued at twenty-five dollars.

JOHN A. FAUCE, Ranger.

July 5. 27-

Hillsborough Female

EMINERY.

THE Fall Session of this institution will commence July 19th. The Terms of Tuition (payable in advance) are, as heretofore, Fourth or Lowest Class, \$12 50 Second and Third Class, 15 00 First or Highest Class, 17 00 Ornamental Needle Work, 5 00 Drawing and Painting, 12 00 Music, on Piano or Guitar, 25 00 French, 15 00

The Raleigh Star and Standard will insert three times. 25-5w

FEMALE SCHOOL

In Hillsborough.

THE Fall Session of Mrs. Burwell's School will commence on Monday the 16th of July. TERMS—English Studies, \$17 50 French (taught by a native), 15 00 Music, 25 00 Drawing & Painting, 10 00

REFERENCES.

Hon. F. Nash, Hillsborough.

Dr. J. Webb, Hillsborough.

Rev. F. Nash, Lincoln, N. C.

Rev. Wm. S. Pomeroy, Richmond, Va.

Rev. Wm. M. Atkinson, Petersburg, Va.

The Newbern Spectator, Raleigh Register, and Standard, will give the above three insertions and forward their accounts to this office.

June 14. 24-

HILLSBOROUGH ACADEMY.

THE Fall Session will commence on the 9th of August.

Classical Department } W. J. Bingham, Tutor \$18 per session; John A. Bingham.

English Department } W. C. Sutton, Tutor \$16 per session; John McAllister.

French Department } Jean Odendahl, Tutor \$8 per month.

The students in the classical department receive regular instruction in Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Composition and Declamation, without extra charge.

P. S. The Raleigh papers will insert five times.

June 14. 24-5w

BETHMONT

Female Academy.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that the exercises of this institution continue under the care of Mrs. ELIZA J. MORGAN, and as she gives her vacation in the winter, the school will continue, without interruption, until November. Young ladies will be charged only from the time of admission. The manner in which this School has been heretofore conducted is highly satisfactory, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to the patronage of parents and guardians, who intend giving their daughters and wards the advantages of a liberal education. The price of tuition is eight dollars per session. Drawing and Painting five dollars extra. Board can be obtained in respectable families, at a short distance from the Academy, at five dollars a month.

THOMAS D. OLDHAM, JAMES THOMPSON, ELIJAH PICKARD.

May 29. 22-

China, Glass,

and Queensware.

JAMES A. TAYLOR, No. 79, Water Street, N. Y. (Formerly of the firm of T. J. Barrow & Co.)

BEGS respectfully to inform his friends and Merchants generally in Virginia and North Carolina, that he is now receiving an entire new stock of GOODS, in the above line, expressly adapted to Southern trade. Every description of rich China, in sets, Cut Glass, together with a complete assortment of Common and Queensware and Stone Ware, constantly on hand, and will be offered on as good terms as they can be procured in the United States. Liberal credit will be given when required. Goods will be carefully packed by experienced hands. Orders, by letter, promptly attended to and faithfully executed.

The patronage of his old friends and the Mercantile community generally, in Virginia and North Carolina, is requested.

Near Old Slip, New York, June 6. 21-

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office at Hillsborough, N. C., on the 1st day of July, 1838, which if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Dr. John Allen } Anderson Jackson

Mrs. Nancy Boles } Barney Lasley

J. B. Burnett } Thos. F. Lowery

J. B. Burnett } James Long

Elaine Baykin } Rev. John A. Miller

Ann Bannan } Joseph Marcom

James Christie } James Mitchell

F. & J. Cunningham } Richard Mahoe

Arch. Cutler } Anderson M. Moore

J. Carter } John J. Nicholson

George Carver } John A. Nicholson

Allen Cowler } Pricely Nelms

Alfred Collins } John Primrose

John Crabtree } James Rainey

Ruben Carlin } William Rhea

Matthew Durham } Ann M. Rhodes

Dr. Davidson } James Smith

Emily Dugan } Margaret Sutton

Young Dorch } Samuel Selmonbars

Dudson (Saddler) } William Thomson, esp.

John N. Plottoff } T. Sloan & Patkin

Eliza Gaskill } Samuel Torrentino

Joseph Graham } Abel Thomson

Lewis Erndon } William H. Woods

Edmond Erndon } Samuel Woods

Right Horton } W. Woods

Wm. Horton } Frederick Williams

Mrs. Robert Harris } John Workman, Jr.

James H. Harrell } Sarah Workman

E. J. Ann Holt } Margaret Jane Watson

Thos. Hastings } Sam. el Wortham

James H. Hoomb } Felix Wilson

Joseph D. Hughes } Sidney Whitted

John H. Jones } Charles A. Yates

James Jones } THOS. CLANCY, P. M.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.

July 2. 27-

Religious Notice.

A CAMP-MEETING will commence at Pleasant Green, seven miles south east from Hillsborough, on Friday the 10th August next. July 19.

SPRING GOODS.

O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received, and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring Supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A Large and General Assortment of

Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Satinets,

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

PRINTS,

PRINTED LAUNES & MUSLINS,

Black & Coloured Silks,

&c. &c. &c. &c.

ALSO

Hardware and Cutlery,

Shot Guns,

Hats, and Shoes,

Bonnets,

Crockery,

Cotton Yarn,

School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

May 8. 18-

Spring and Summer

GOODS

JUST RECEIVED

THE subscriber has just received from New York a General Assortment of

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

Hardware, Groceries, &c.

COMPRISING

CLOTHS, SILK GOODS, HATS,

SHOES, BONNETS, CROCKERY,

QUEENSWARE,

and all articles usually brought to this market, all of which will be sold low for Cash.

He is very thankful for the patronage here before received, and hopes his friends and the public will now give him a call.

Country produce, such as Cloth, Feathers, Tallow, and Brewax, will be taken in exchange for Goods.

B. CHEEK.

April 27. 18-

Clock & Watch-making Bu-

siness, and Jeweller.

THE subscriber thus tenders his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him since his commencing business in Hillsborough. For a short space he has been withdrawn from his labors by sickness, and would crave the indulgence of those whose work has been thereby delayed. Having been again restored to health, he hopes to be enabled to prosecute his business to the entire satisfaction of all who may favor him with their custom.

He has on hand a good assortment of

Watches, Jewellery,

&c.

which he wishes to dispose of on reasonable terms.

Orders from a distance for Watches, or for the execution of work, will be faithfully attended to.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

December 7. 29-

House and Lot

in Chapel Hill—For SALE.

ANNE well-known Tavern House in Chapel Hill, formerly the property of Thomas D. Watts, deceased, and now occupied by Miss Nancy Hillyard, is offered for sale. The property consists of a good Dwelling House and convenient out-buildings, Stables, &c. and four acres of Land with a good well of water. For terms apply to

ALLEN PARKS.

Hillsborough, July 3. 27-

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

May Term, 1838.

John King, } Original Attachment le

John Pedregass & } vied on Negroes.

William Pedregass }

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this state: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendants appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Orange, at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, and plead, answer or demur, judgment by default will be entered against them.

JOHN TAYLOR, Clerk.

Price adv. \$4 50. 25-

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

May Term, 1838.

James Jackson and wife, and others, } Petition to Sell

vs. } Slaves.

Wm. Robinson and Lizzy his wife, and Michael Ray and Nancy his wife.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this state: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendants appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Orange, at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, and then and there answer or demur, that the petition will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte.

J. TAYLOR, Clerk.

Price of Adv. \$4 50. 26-6w

Job Printing,

NEATLY & EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Hillsborough Recorder,

ENLARGED.

TO THE PUBLIC.

After some unexpected delays, we have this week been enabled to present the Recorder to its readers upon an enlarged sheet. This has emphatically been called the age of improvement; but in all the multiplied forms in which this spirit has manifested itself during the last twenty years, perhaps in none is it more perceptible than in the appearance of the public press. The newspapers of our villages now, surpass in size and neatness those formerly issued from our largest cities. It has long been our desire that the Recorder should reflect a portion of this spirit of the age; and an effort to accomplish this desire, we felt was due to that portion of our friends who have continued to sustain us through good and through evil report. This enlargement of our sheet necessarily involves a considerable additional expense; but we are mistaken in the people of Orange, if we may not safely throw ourselves upon their generosity, and with confidence hope that they will duly appreciate the benefits of a free and honest press, and extend to such a portion of patronage as will, in some degree at least, compensate the care and toil and expense necessary to sustain it.

It is now more than eighteen years since we commenced our establishment at this place, during which time we have had many difficulties to encounter. The storms of political strife engender many prejudices which it is sometimes vain to attempt to allay; and the zeal of popular enthusiasm creates preferences which yield nothing to honesty of purpose. These things tend greatly to depress a village newspaper, the prosperity of which depends almost solely on the patronage of the county in which it is published; and we ought not, perhaps, to expect entirely to escape their influence. But we have had more potent adversaries than these. It is said of the church of Rome, that she withholds the Bible from the common people, that they may not, through ignorance of the true meaning, be led into heresies; the priests only are to read and interpret for them. So it is with some of our self-styled Republicans: they are afraid to trust the people, and if it was in their power, they would entirely prohibit the circulation of all papers which do not perfectly square with their notions. Not able to contend openly for their doctrines, they would suppress all inquiry. And this is the spirit which